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THE

VICTIM

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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VICTIM.

A

POEM.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

LONDON,

Printed for STAPLES STEARE, N°. 93, Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXVIII.

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MDCCLXVII.

TO

JOHN WILKES, Eſq;

SIR,

AN author cannot do himſelf more honour than to inſcribe his production to the moſt intrepid aſſertor of his country's liberty; eſpecially to a man whoſe abilities qualify him ſo ſufficiently for a ſituation in the Britiſh ſenate; and yet I ſhould think I was proſtituting myſelf, in the moſt flagrant manner, were I not ſure I was addreſſing a man who has the greateſt and unfeigned regard for the conſtitution of England, and the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſincere attachment to the preſent illuſtrious fa-

mily

mily on the throne; notwithſtanding he has unfortunately fallen under the diſpleaſure of the beſt of kings, who is in himſelf ever merciful, and will, I flatter myſelf, from his natural diſpoſition of lenity and forgiveneſs, like a kind maſter, overlook the rudeneſs and indiſcretion of his ſervant, and ſuffer him once more to eat the bread of comfort beneath his roof. And, in gratitude for the royal benediction, I doubt not, at leaſt I hope, he will employ his every power to quell the rage of party, and join, with all his force, to bring the audacious diſturbers of domeſtic peace to juſtice and correction.

The hypocriſy as well as ſtupidity of the Engliſh is ſurely to be wondered at!—But a month ago, the public in general were as indifferent

different about the name of WILKES as if he had never been; as if the induſtrious F——e, and his emiſſaries, had totally overcome the diſpoſition of mankind, with their diſſimulation, and political invention, ſo as to make them believe whatever they have been pleaſed to inſinuate to the deſtruction of his name and character;—and I will venture to ſay, no man was ever ſo palpably abuſed as he has been; and held up ſo ungenerouſly to public view, as a Monſter without one grain of honour; when they had taken every method to conceal his virtues, and totally eclipſed, by power and detraction, his every endeavour for the public good.

Now, as with an exploſion, every mind is caught; and burns with extacy at his name; ſince they have found the evils he wiſhed, and

endeavoured

endeavoured to have prevented, has fallen upon them :—The burden of oppreſſion enforced by compulſion ; every comfort and means of life denied us ; our commerce, the pillar of the conſtitution, almoſt broken down ; and the neceſſitated part of mankind totally neglected ; while monopoly, with a ſavage hand, ranſacks the bleſſings of THE EARTH, and overflows our jails.

But that a perfect tranquility may, for the future reign, and that public licentiouſneſs may ſubſide for ever, ſhall be the prayer of,

SIR,

Your moſt humble,

and obedient ſervant,

The AUTHOR.

THE VICTIM.

IN vain the muſe, with all her charms invite
In vain, tho' urg'd by zeal, may poets write,
Pamphlets and novels, magazines and plays,
From day to day a ſhort ſenſation raiſe;
And like the rocket mounting to the ſky,
Catch with delight the pleaſure-hunting eye,
But ere the heart is warm'd the joy is o'er,
It blazes, bounces, and is ſeen no more.

O for that art, the ſacred art divine
That taught thee *Wilkes* to form the living line,
To charm the ſoul, to ſearch the guilty breaſt,
To rouſe the F—te from luxuriant reſt;
Unaw'd by power, party, or by pride,
Dare to be juſt and take the weaker ſide,
Whene'er oppreſſion, or when party rage,
O'erwhelms a ſtarv'd and unſuſpecting age.

In times of old but times alike to theſe
Full of corruption, luxury and eaſe,
When virtue bled at Mammon's gilded door,
And nought was thought a crime,—but being poor,
When famine ſtaulk'd rapacious thro' the land,
Whilſt juſtice ſlept with daggers in her hand,
When ſenators, for gold, at murder winkt
And godlike mercy had been long extinct,
When injur'd merit ever ſu'd in vain,
And famiſh'd peaſants left the fertile plain,

When

When ſcience, ſpurn'd, to foreign nations fled,
And wiſdom oft, at folly's altar bled;
In ſuch an age, how rare, alas, to find
One man exiſt, with unpoluted mind.
Yet of ſuch god-like mortals have I read,
When Rome, bore all theſe errors on her head;
Who durſt, in ſpite of tyranny and pride,
Oppoſe the torrent of the raging tide.

That Rome cou'd boaſt her worthies it is true;
Bleſt be my ſtars for Britain boaſts 'em too,
And muſt maintain her liberty and fame,
Whilſt ſhe preſerves, unſtain'd, a *Camden*'s name;
Thro' him each Briton keeps his door ſecure,
And dreads deſpotic meſſengers no more;—
Yet muſt he own, nor think it a diſgrace,
To *Wilkes* he owes his celſitude and place,
From him his riſing glory firſt began
Let party rail, and Fate ſay what ſhe can.

Tho' Liberty's in ev'ry breaſt infus'd,
By all ador'd, and yet by all abus'd,
The verieſt wretch that treads the lawleſs ſtreets,
Will take the right of ev'ry lord he meets:
My lord, in councils, hold ſuperior ſway,
And takes each charter'd privilege away,
Uſurps each bleſſing, giv'n us from above,
And tries each wholſome cuſtom to remove.
O may deſtruction wait the villain's head,
Who firſt advanc'd our precious daily bread,
Scotchman or Engliſh, whoſoe'er he be,
May fate preſcribe an ax his deſtiny,
May *Juſtice* all his latent projects mar,
And fix his hateful head on Temple-Bar,
Scotchman or Engliſh: I will not diſpute,
The greater knave a *B—d* or a *B—*,
Or ſound the cauſe from whence ſuch evils riſe,
I'll leave that taſk to time's all-ſeeing eyes,

And wait the promiſe of the wiſe and great,
Who move by intereſt's mighty wheel of ſtate,
To do, or to undo a nation's right,
To riſe in glory, or to ſink in night.

You're wrong at ſuch a time old Caution cries,
With head oft ſhaken, and uplifted eyes,
Grave and important, eloquent and ſlow,
Pretending ev'ry thing on earth to know;
Whate'er had happen'd, and what yet to come
Foretold *B—s* glory or a *Wilkes*'s doom;
You're wrong, ſaid he, 'tis not for you or I,
To plague ourſelves, and preach of liberty;
Let others fill their heads, and crack their brains,
Give us the pleaſure; take who will the pains;
Addreſs an exile!—'tis a fruitleſs ſcheme,
You ought to make ſome miniſter your theme,
Some panegyric, or ſome lofty ode,
If to the great you mean to make your road,

'Tis

'Tis better far, than exerciſe your pen,
In holding up to view the faults of men;
Yet hold, I cry'd your counſel pray forbear,
I will no more ſuch admonition hear:
And may contempt for ever blaſt my lays,
Whene'er I flatter where I mean to praiſe,
O may the hand of genius ſtop her ſprings,
When'ere my muſe diſſembles as ſhe ſings.

Yes, I will ſpeak; let cenſure do her worſt,
And malice ſwell her boſom 'till ſhe burſt;
For *Wilkes* commands the grateful line to flow,
And pay the humble tribute that I owe,
In numbers form the ever-blooming wreathe,
For that ſweet Liberty I daily breathe.

Tho' pale Detraction with her hundred heads,
Her aconitum thro' the nation ſpreads,

Infects

Infects each mind and dims each candid eye,
And ſtupifies the babe credulity;
Yes I will ſpeak! tho' vengeance o'er me hung
With threat'ning eyes to bid me hold my tongue,
Tho' exil'd and by party overthrown,
Bereft of ev'ry rent-roll of thy own,
Deny'd, in peace, to tread thy native land,
Where ev'ry foreign beggar bears command;
Where knaves from ev'ry ſhore in ſplendour tread,
When many a worthy Briton dies for bread,
Shall I not ſpeak; tho' given to each ſlave,
To take that life away which heaven gave;
Tho' Nero-like, each ſtateſman holds his rod,
And ſtrives to bear dominion o'er his God.

Shall I forget? when welt'ring in thy blood,
I ſaw thee panting for thy country's good,
Sanguine in Liberty's immortal laws
I ſaw thee fall a martyr to her cauſe,

Struggling,

Struggling, 'gainſt death, with Roman fortitude,
Till thoſe his all-deſtroying arm ſubdu'd.
But fate preſerv'd thee for ſome better end,
To prove ere yet a ſinking nation's friend.

In ſpite what dull indiff'rence may ſuggeſt,
For fools are ever apt to think the beſt,
And like the ox no dangers ever dread
Till the ſad ſtroke falls heavy on his head;
For, O my country, feel you not the wound,
Look back awhile and caſt your eyes around;
View but the lawns, where once with glee you fed,
Were plenty once her choiceſt treaſure's ſpread.
Where peace was wont to ſmile throughout the plains,
And labour met reward for all her pains,
Where ev'ry ſwain addreſs'd his artleſs fair,
Whoſe brow ne'er bent, whoſe breaſt ne'er felt a care,
Content and health fluſh'd over ev'ry face
And gave the lilly white a ruddy grace.

Now famine takes her ſeat, whoſe baleful eye,
Blaſts every blade, and kills each matchleſs die;
Peace leaves her cot, and plenty takes her flight,
Whilſt roſe-lipt hope is overwhelm'd in night,
Sunk is each eye, and ſallow ev'ry cheek,
The riſl'd poor in vain for refuge ſeek,
In vain the hunger'd infant cries for bread,
While the ſad mother droops her woeful head;
Her breaſt its wonted aliment denies,
And famine-ſtruck her little cherub dies.
Fell Hyporborean laws, alas prevail,
Sunk is each ſcience, crowded ev'ry jail;
Famine and pride now rule with dreadful awe,
O'erwhelms fair commerce, and perverts each law.

The ſacred law by heaven firſt deſign'd,
Will'd by the God of nature for mankind,
Fair order and ſociety to frame,
And make eternal love's extatic name;—

See human laws, preſumptive break the tye,
And ſet the faith-bound hand at liberty,
Divorce ſucceeds divorce, whene'er the mind
Debas'd is to ſome other face inclin'd;
Unknown to love, yet urge the holy ſtate,
Submit the knee, and rathly ſtipulate;
They greet the portion, but return the wife,
With ſcanty pittance for the reſt of life;
Griev'd is the muſe, O B——g——ke, to ſee,
So vile a part ſo well perform'd by thee,
The mind corrupt, to ev'ry thought's a ſlave,
And every act ſtill conſtitutes the knave.

But ſuch examples are the ſubjects own,
They cannot ſay they have 'em from the throne;
There in the greateſt may you plainly ſee,
The envy'd ſtate of true tranquility;
A royal pattern for a nation's guide,
To all who wiſh to liſt on virtue's ſide;

The beſt of fathers in the beſt of kings;
In whom benevolence for ever ſprings,
A conſtant huſband to a matchleſs queen,
Mild as the morning, as the eve ſerene;
A lovely offspring dimpl'd o'er with charms,
To grace the throne, or weild the Britiſh arms;
When years mature ſhall call 'em to defend
A nation's right, and prove each ſubject's friend;
To dignify with fame the living page,
And be the wonder of ſome future age.

Seal'd be each eye, and deaf be ev'ry ear,
To ſhield the heart, and ſtop the ebbing tear,
Dark was the hour and emerg'd in night,
When rapine reign'd, aſſaſſins ſhun'd the light.
When Agathonian riots gorg'd the ſoul,
And traytors trembl'd at the midnight owl,
When bawds for pay ſeduc'd the bluſhing fair,
Entraping virtue with a golden ſnare.

Ill-ſtar'd *Lucretia!* at that fatal time,
Ripe in thy charms, and tempting in thy prime;
The curſed *Sextus* ſtole into thy arms,
And rifl'd all thy virgin-boaſted charms;
Forc'd the coy will with more than ſavage power,
When fierce with hunger they the prey devour.

What days but theſe cou'd ſuch a deed reſtore?
What man could act it but a B——e?
And who like him cou'd grace the am'rous page;
The debauchee, and *Sextus* of the age?
Unhappy maid, may juſtice plead thy cauſe;
Nor ſuffer Mammon to prevent her laws,
To ſet fair Truth and Innocence aſide,
And overwhelm thee in a golden tide.
O may ſome Daniel riſque thee from ſhame,
Nor let the mighty ſtigmatize thy name,
Reveal each action to the public eye,
Reſtore each truth, invalidate each lie,

Nor let the potent raviſher prevail
How well ſoe'er he varniſh o'er his tale;
Some dun Alecto with gorgonian locks,
With veng'ance chace him to the ſtygian rocks
To howl unpity'd to the burning ſtream,
Till time her virgin honours ſhall redeem.

Each nation boaſts its own peculiar vice
From conſtitution, or from meer caprice,
France is to faſhion an eternal ſlave
And ever known more politic than brave:
The Briton routs 'em on the ſea or field,
But to their faſhion's and their follies yield,
And ever ſhews, deny it if you can,
The arrant coxcomb overcomes the man,
So fond of mode and nonſenſe are we grown,
We ſcarce can reliſh one thing of our own.
But from our pu'rile and unſtable ſtate,
We meanly condeſcend to imitate.

The Hat tremendous now, and deeply brimm'd
Anon behold it to a cockle trimm'd;
The ſhoe now buckl'd half way to the knee
Anon it ſhines acroſs the toe you ſee,
And Monſieurs coat attracts with equal charms
Whether the ſkirts hang from the hips or arms,
When ev'ry alien, take it for a rule,
Will call his aukward coppieſt a fool;
What height of madneſs, and what mode intenſe
At once to forfeit decency and ſenſe.
O never more the Britiſh name degrade,
Nor be again the dupes of faſhion made;
But be yourſelves, bold, generous and wiſe,
And all ſuch foreign frippery deſpiſe.

Bold in the field and letter'd in the ſchool,
Preſcribe the Scot cannot be quite a fool;
Tho' bare each hill, and ſteril ev'ry plain
They try to culture and manure the brain;

From

From this her pride proceeds, whoſe bootleſs ſtore,
For ever keep dame fortune from the door.

Edina ever with a jealous eye
Frown'd on her ſiſter's vaſt fertility,
Oft has ſhe led her legions to the field,
And ſmote Britannia's adamantine ſhield,
Whoſe fierce repulſe oblig'd her famiſh'd band
To keep the limits of her native land;
The ſword in vain with all her might ſhe drew,
In hope our envy'd nation to ſubdue,
To inſtitute his baſe deſpotic laws,
To ſave an upſtart and defend his cauſe,
Whoſe ſanguine name has left a purple ſtain,
Fit to adorn a prieſt-rode t——t's reign.
Now hoſtile hopes ſubſide; the ſupple knee,
Pretended friendſhip and hypocriſy.
Make more advancements in the public weal
Than all the havock of the pointed ſteel,

For

For what but diſcord has been heard alone
E'er ſince a Stuart ſtood ſo near the throne,
To whom can fate theſe murmerings impute
But the deſpotic principles of B——.

Exotic maxims cauſe domeſtic broils,
And ev'ry tranquil happineſs it ſpoils;
The knaviſh tutor, politic and kind,
Proteſts his friendſhip but conceals his mind,
Which ever leaning to ſome ſelfiſh end,
He acts the villain moſt to ſeem the friend,
My lord lays open his unwary heart,
And falls a victim to a traytor's art.

Fond of her flights, the muſe wou'd fain intrude,
To draw unſkill'd, a faint ſimilitude,
'Tween who, or what, I'll leave mankind to gueſs,
Or thoſe who wiſh a nation's happineſs;

By

By others folly we are often ſhewn
The hateful mirrour and deſpiſe our own,
All can behold the blemiſh but the blind,
To let him feel it then is ſurely kind.

Once on a time the fam'd hiſtorian writes,
Skill'd in the annals of the TROGLODITES:—
(Capricious realm, in AFRICA remote,
Where feeds the pard, where climbs the mountain-goat;)
A noble youth, benevolent and kind,
To vice a foe, to ev'ry good inclin'd;
Born to a throne, and rais'd to high degree,
E'er he had taſted of maturity,
Sprung from a ſtock that had been long ador'd,
Whoſe valiant arms a welcome peace reſtor'd;
A long contention with a tyrant held,
And made the thiſtle to the olive yield.
The plains rejoic'd, and bleſs'd the great event,
And drank the cup of plenty and content:

Ev'n infants whiſper'd great Muzeedans name,
And virgins crown'd him with a wreath of fame.
A ſlave from envy, and from famine ſprung,
All ſupple was his knee, all ſweet his tongue:
Yet held Muzeedan in eternal hate,
His foe's dear kinſman, and his advocate.
Albuda he, a northern mountaineer,
His looks were agalaſtic and ſevere;
His eyes malignant, with a tear conceal'd,
While he his ſtory to the youth reveal'd;
Feign'd a falſe zeal, and flatter'd in his praiſe,
The track each villain takes e'er he betrays;
And like the pill all gilded to the eyes,
Few can diſcover where the poiſon lies;
Till with celerity it makes its way,
Thro' ev'ry pore, and ſhuts the eyes from day.

The ſlave prevail'd, the youth too ſoon believ'd,
The mind untainted, is the firſt deceiv'd;

His

His manners gentle, and his ſpeech was fair,
His breaſt kept no malignant tenant there,
Save what Albuda introduc'd by art;
Who drain'd the ſprings of virtue from his heart;
Infuſing ſtrange chimera's in his mind,
To rule, tyrannize, and oppreſs mankind;
When ev'ry needy minion of his own
Was introduc'd, and planted round the throne.

Loſt to himſelf, his better mind gave way,
And bore the ſceptre with deſpotic ſway:
The ſubject ſaw it, and in murmurs loud,
A threat'ning diſcord breath'd thro' ev'ry crowd;
Whilſt Hydra-like revenge rear'd up her head,
At whoſe dread roar the peaceful village fled;
Domeſtic broils, and ſavage war began,
And with deſtruction thro' the nation ran:
Rebellion drew her ſword, whoſe hand, like fate,
Shook the foundation of the throne and ſtate.

Albuda ſaw it with enraptur'd eyes,
And vulture-like he ſtood to ſeize his prize,
Plung'd the vile poniard in Muzeedan's ſide,
And bath'd his fingers in the purple tide;
Then with his legions, who immerging lay
Stole the long envy'd diadem away,
Ruſh'd on the croud confus'd, who thought to ſave
Their liberty, but fell ſtill more a ſlave;
With eyes dejected, and with tears they view'd,
The ſacred name of liberty ſubdu'd,
And with deſpair and agony they ſaw,
Riſe in her ſtead each hyperborean law,
Whoſe arms oppreſſive made the ſubject groan,
From the hard burdens of a tyrants throne.

O may each monarch ſhun Muzeedan's fate,
And ev'ry ſubject cloſely eye the ſtate,
Nor ſuffer one Albuda more, ſo near,
To whiſper poiſon in a Prince's ear.

No more in friendſhip's maſk, the knave diſguiſe,
To ſcreen fair truth, and bind a Prince's eyes.
Contention is the mode, and fell debate,
The playhouſe too, will imitate the ſtate;
Favourites and women ever are the ſprings
Of party feud, 'tween managers and kings;
How curs'd is he how well ſoe'er he rule
That holds connexion with a k— or f—;
Such Colman is thy fate, with both to ſtear,
But of the two, the latter ſhou'd I fear.

Tho' critic arrows are in vollies thrown
To kill the good opinion of the town;
Yet will I dare, whoe'er I make my foe,
To ſpeak thy worth and only what I know,—
Tho' envy plants her battery on high,
Eclips'd by darkneſs from the public eye:
Each deep envenom'd ſhaft is dealt around,
To poiſon each opinion or to wound.

If

If to be mov'd by pity to a tear,
If to lend ſorrow an attentive ear,
If to obſtruct the injur'd with relief,
Ere he can tell o'er half his tale of grief;
If theſe be imperfections, be it mine,
To copy, Colman, ev'ry fault of thine.

No more of this, the times will not allow
To talk of play-houſes, or players now;
Such themes ill ſuit the mind, when big with fear,
The ſtate and public all convuls'd appear;
May plenty flow, and public diſcord ceaſe,
May Brunſwick reign in everlaſting peace:—
Curs'd be the tongue—audacious—that ſhall dare
To vent its poiſon on a name ſo fair;
Whoſe royal ſtock bore terror in the field,
And yet with lenity the ſceptre held;

Mercy

Mercy ſubdu'd the warlike victor's breaſt,
And juſtice ſhone illuſtrious on his creſt;
Peace was the ſtudy of his royal mind,
At once the friend and father of mankind.

FINIS.

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Mercy imbib'd the warlike victor's breath,
And justice shone illustrious on his croft;
Peace was the study of his royal mind,
At once the friend and father of mankind.

FINIS.